

-Comment and Opinion-

TORRANCE, CALIF., SUNDAY, JULY 14, 1968

The Price of Violence

Tolerance of violence and property destruction may diminish when the price of our "permissive anarchy" hits home.

An inkling of that price has been given by a spokesman for the insurance company.

He says, "No business . . . can continue to operate in a society where order, reason and confidence do not prevail. The insurance business alone cannot continue to offer security to property owners when these spasms of lawlessness which at times seem to approach insurrection become so widespread and frequent . . ."

No business or industry can turn a wheel without insurance. Legislation is now pending in Congress for the federal government—the taxpayers—to provide reinsurance.

However much one may deplore

further involvement of government in the financial and economic life of the nation, the alternatives in this instance are even more grim. Excessive riot losses could bring about a total collapse of insurance coverage in metropolitan centers. Whether the taxpayers could then be expected to assume the awesome cost of rebuilding and insuring our cities is doubtful.

Re-establishment of law and order in the land is the only permanent solution. On this depends our survival as a nation. We should not lose sight of the fact that a subsidy for anarchy in the form of taxpayer guaranteed insurance coverage for the uninsurable risk of urban warfare is a stopgap measure. It will ease for the time being the pain of the disease, but it most surely will not cure the malady that afflicts this nation.

Old Bureaus Never Die

Thirty-three years ago the Rural Electrification Administration was brought into being by congressional action and was charged with the specific task of electrifying the American farm. That task has long since been accomplished. The Journal of Commerce has summarized the history of the REA and its present status in a revealing editorial which shows how government agencies seldom die—they just get bigger, and the REA has become an outstanding example of the rule rather than the exception.

Long ago, the REA extended its operation to telephone services, and its power empire has spread from the farm into towns and communities. Low-cost loans have been made by the REA to finance local cooperatives for the purpose of discouraging extension of commercial utilities. It lends funds from the federal treasury at 2.5 per

cent, for which government and taxpayers now pay 6 per cent. Although 98.4 per cent of farms are served by central station electric service, and one would think the REA requirements would taper off, the reverse is true. The REA is asking for new capital from the taxpayers ranging up to a rate of \$700 million a year during the next 15 years, compared to the 1967 level of \$353 million.

As the Journal of Commerce concludes: "So what started out as a simple government-financed effort to get electricity to the American farm has now become a government-financed effort to keep commercial power producers from getting there. Thus the demand for more funds grows as the number of American farms steadily diminishes." And still our legislative representatives claim that federal spending has been cut to the bone.

Understanding Needed

Undergrounding power lines has now become the dream and the goal of beautification spokesmen. As time goes on, progress toward that goal moves steadily ahead. A practical example of the efforts being made by the electric industry to put power lines underground may be seen in Minnesota, where a major investor-owned company has announced plans to spend \$100 million in the next ten years putting main electric feeder lines underground.

A company spokesman said, "What we are actually doing is planning and building a new high-capacity underground feeder system designed to meet present and future electric load requirements." He describes feeder lines as those lines whose voltage vary from 4,000 to about 23,000 volts. These lines supply electricity for whole

neighborhoods or areas and are usually seen along main roads and constitute the most visible part of an electric system. But, the official said, "Even an average annual investment of \$10 million for expanded underground service will eventually have to be reflected in our rates."

There are two sides to the subject of environment control. There is the promotional and speech-making side dealing with aesthetic values. This is the side to which the public is most exposed. Then there is the seldom heard side which involves technology, costs and physical problems of construction. As companies move ahead with environment improvement programs, they realize that broad public understanding of both sides of the question is essential to the attainment of long-range goals.

No Flop House Shrines

The U.S. Department of Housing and Urban Development has granted Los Angeles County \$100,000 for the restoration of an 81-year-old house in downtown Los Angeles.

Supervisor Kenneth Hahn has protested the grant in noting that it would "make a shrine out of a flop house which should have been torn down 20 years ago."

There has been a general campaign in Los Angeles in recent months to rid the community of eyesore buildings. Many dwelling have been removed.

It seems that spending \$100,000 to restore a dwelling so that some historical society can hang a plaque on the front door is certainly a waste of taxpayer's money.

The question lies in just how much use the citizens of the county could get from the \$100,000 expenditure.

We agree with Supervisor Hahn in that the funds could be better put to use by constructing a swimming pool in the central city or by applying the cash to some type of city recreation—or even to relieve taxpayers.

The county of Los Angeles has enough problems facing it in the present and future without concerning itself with restoring the past.

Historical monuments have their place in any city's heritage, but how can a \$100,000 expenditure on a meaningless building that few have ever heard of be justified?

Morning Report

Congress has voted to abolish Columbus Day, Veterans Day, Washington's Birthday, and Memorial Day as we have known those holidays. Instead, they will now be threeday weekends. This is certainly a step in the splendid direction of cutting down on work and increasing fun.

With Labor Day, which already is made to fall on a Monday, we now will have five three-day weekends a year. That still leaves Congress with 47 to go. That still leaves I seeuWMBlumare I see a ready-made campaign issue. The Fourth of July, Christmas and New Year's immediately come to mind. That will cut it to 44. But if a holiday is only an excuse to get away for the weekend, surely we can find the excuses. Franklin Pierce and Millard Fillmore come quickly to mind.

-Abe Mellinkoff

'Til Guns Were Registered in Chicago



SACRAMENTO REPORT

First Cal Expo Visitors Impressed With New Fair

Capitol News Service SACRAMENTO — Even the most hardened skeptics are due for a big surprise if they take the time and trouble to spend a few hours at California Exposition, the state's new \$35 million extravaganza now open to the public.

Cal-Expo opened July 1, under circumstances not entirely auspicious, and it was predicted in some quarters that the work and money poured into this attempt to create a permanent seat of education and entertainment for the people of California would be a \$34 million flop.

Instead, from the acceptance Cal-Expo is receiving from its brief appearance on the California scene, it could turn out a manifestation beyond the wildest hopes of its sponsors, who in effect, are all the people of California, as the people's money built this show-place.

As yet, there are rough spots, as is only natural when something new appears on the scene. A finished product can't be expected until a period of trial and error has passed. And Cal-Expo is now in that period, where it will remain for some time.

However, in viewing Cal-Expo as it is today, the future must be kept in mind. The year or so that may be necessary to put the finishing touches on the exposition, and turn it into an attraction of world-wide note, amounts to but little time as far as the generations which will enjoy and benefit from the show are concerned.

Meanwhile, Cal-Expo is off to a good and solid start. Access to the grounds is easy, and parking no problem at all. Attendees at all points are courteous, and appear bent on making the visitor feel like he's a guest, an attitude which in fact is better than half the tale in

it's being used for various shows designed to attract the public, and the public is responding. The crowds which saw the Mexican National Ballet when it played in front of the grandstand are an indication of what can be done in the way of entertainment.

And for the first time, a restaurant with not only first-class service but also gourmet food is open to the hungry public. This is located on the top floor of the race-track grandstand and provides the area with another top-flight eating establishment.

Seeing is believing, and having seen, one can only come out with the belief that the destiny of Cal-Expo is written for success.

News and Opinions On Sacramento Beat

operating an exposition of this type. Once in the grounds, the visitor feels as though he's entered a new kind of world, which he actually has, as there happens to be nothing like the exposition anywhere, a tribute to the designers. On a perfectly flat site, they have created a series of complexes through ingenious use of ramps, stairways and overhead walks which give the impression of uplands rather than plains.

The exhibit buildings are conveniently located and cooled for the comfort of the public. And inside the buildings are the arts, crafts, and industry of a state that's on the move. Exhibits of items unheard of in the daily course of life are shown, some bizarre, some outlandish, many useful and beautiful as well, but all pointing to the trend of the changing times.

And after a period of many years at an old and beat up grandstand at the race-track, this area now has a most modern and comfortable show-place for playing the ponies, which will open with the fall racing season. In the interim,



HERB CAEN SAYS:

Steak Power Is Frank's Secret

Add Infinites: After hitting the longest homer in the short history of the Coliseum, Washington's Frank Howard retired to the Oakland Edgewater for a thick steak, six scrambled eggs, six pieces of toast, six slices of bacon, a strawberry milkshake and a banana split—and so to bed. Now that you know the secret, men, start eating.

Caenetti: Sally Norris McCarthy hopes that Texas Millionaire Lamar Hunt gets the green light to build his, quote, "sky-high liberty torch" on Alcatraz because "How else will we find out how high the sky is?" (I'd like to see The Rock left alone or maybe just covered with topsoil and planted with trees. Why do we have to DO something with it? Anything wrong with a plain old rock?) . . . Ah people: There was a bomb scare Monday at 350 Sansome, whereupon the police emptied the big building of personnel and cordoned off the place. Millie Howie walked past just in time to hear a secretary pleading with an officer: "But I'll only be in there a minute—I just want to get my cigarettes off my desk!" . . . Ah tourists: This one walked into Delmas & Delmas at Ghirardelli Square, looked at a jade bracelet, and asked Mgr. Henry Murray: "How much?" Henry: "One fifty." Tourist, laying down a dollar bill and two quarters: "I'll take it!" (Oh no you won't).

Notes of a newsmik: Earlier last month, Pvt. Eye flushing same and listening intently with cocked ear? cumbed to heat prostration in a tiny village on the Iranian-Afghanistan border. As he was tossing about in a hut, the only English-speaking resident, a German, kept saying "So awful about your Mr. Kennedy getting shot." At last, Alain said feverishly "Yes, yes, I'm touched, but that was five years ago, man." The German looked at him strangely, and that's how, when, and where Gilstein learned of Robert F. Kennedy's death. . . . The Hell's Angels are negotiating for a motorcycle show at the Cow Palace, proceeds to go to the 33 Hunt St. Clinic. . . . Downward mobility: Barbara Holland, the Fresno artist, walked into the S.F. Museum of Art just as the huge Alexander Calder mobile in the foyer (a ten-footer) came crashing down, landing at her feet. It has since been repaired, but Barbara is still sidling along walls. . . . Marquee on the Briggmore Theater in Modesto (thankya, Marilyn Meyer): "Guess Who's Coming to Dinner in Color." . . . At the Guilded Cage, Headliner Charles Pierce asked Actress Anne Francine, "Do you drink?" Anne: "Yes, but only to pass the time away till I get drunk."

Add Bodkins: Now why in the world would you find a big Ampex exec like Production Director Bob Day lugging recording equipment into varous toilets, flushing same and listening intently with cocked ear? I'll tell you why: When he isn't Ampexing, he's a talented actor who is appearing at the Hillburn Theater in "The Odd Couple"—one scene of which calls for the offstage sound of a toilet flushing. So far, he hasn't found the perfect swoosh, but the Fairmont men's room came close. "A good toilet," he reports, "but not a great one." The search goes on.

WILLIAM HOGAN

From Baghdad to London A Legend of the Sassoons

When the great financial houses of Sassoon and Rothschild became linked by a London marriage in 1881 the event took on almost regal overtones. The Prince of Wales attended a synagogue for the first and probably only time in his life. He later joined the Prime Minister, Benjamin Disraeli, and a glittering international throng at a reception in one of many Sassoon mansions in Mayfair.

This event becomes little more than a footnote in Stanley Jackson's spirited account of an extraordinary family, "The Sassoons." But it suggests the flavor of a book which should appeal to an audience which found Frederic Morton's "The Rothschilds" and Stephen Birmingham's "Our Crowd: The Great Jewish Families of New York" such fascinating social reportage.

"The Sassoons" traces the mercantile and, to a degree, religious history of this dynasty of Sephardic Jews who, forced to emigrate from Persia at the beginning of the 19th Century, built up an impressive commercial empire in India and later in England where it became vastly influential in the social, financial and political sphere of the British Empire. Although the clan had flourished for centuries in Baghdad, it faced a threat of extinction by the end of

the 18th Century. Its revitalization was sparked by the Patriarch David Sassoon (1792-1864) who, because of religious and political pressures, fled to Bombay where he established a modest counting house in 1832. Through an acute business sense and an honorable name he thrived in the

vital and less interesting, down to Siegfried, poet of the first World War who embraced Catholicism.

Stanley Jackson, British biographer of the Aga Khan and London's Savoy Hotel, is a more pedestrian writer than Morton of "The Rothschilds." But he has such an incredible story to tell that his matter-of-fact presentation is not a major consideration. His book is quite a pageant.

Browsing Through the World of Books

opium, cotton, tea, and spice trades. David Sassoon, who always wore the flowing garb of Persia, rotated his seven sons (by two marriages) through the family offices of the Orient, then to London where the family's banking friendships soared into the peerage.

One of David's sons (Abdullah later Sir Albert, First Baronet of Kensington Gore), became the first to wear Western clothing. But soon after, the scent of the East seemed to evaporate from the Sassoons, who became intimates of royalty, whose horses won the Epsom Derby four times, whose hostesses were legendary.

Earlier decades of this saga are the most exciting, especially those dominated by the Patriarch David, shimmering as they do with scenes out of Joseph Conrad if not Omar Khayyam. Later Sassoons became less

Notes on the Margin — Two works by Jean-Paul Sartre, "The Ghost of Stalin" and "Communists and Peace" have been issued in this country by George Braziller, Inc. Like "Situations," which Braziller brought out in 1965, these books were published in France by Gallimard in the ongoing series of Sartre's essays.

Press-Herald

Glenn W. Pfeil
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